

That slanders me with murders crimson badge,  
Say if thou dare prowd Lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am guilty in Duke Humphreys death.

*exit Cardinall.*

*War.* What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?  
*Queene* He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,  
Though Suffolke dare him twentie hundreth times.

*War.* Madame be ye still, with reuerence may I say it,  
That euery word you speake in his defence,  
Is slaunder to your royall maiestie.

*Suff.* Blunt witted lord, ignoble in thy words,  
If euer Lady wrongd her lord so much,  
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,  
Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke,  
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruite thou art,  
And neuer of the Neuils noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,  
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees,  
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,  
And say it was thy mother that thou meantst,  
That thou thy selfe wast borne in bastardy,  
And after all this fearefull homage done,  
Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy soule to hell,  
Pernitious bloud-sucker of sleeping men.

*Suff.* Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy bloud,  
If from this presence thou dare go with me.

*War.* Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

*Warwicke pulls him out.*

*Exit Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the Commons  
within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke.  
And then enter againe the duke of Suffolke and War-  
wicke, with their weapons drawne.*

*King* Why how now lords?

*Suff.*

*Suff.* The traiterous Warwicke with the men of Berry,  
Set al vpon me, mightie soueraigne.

*The commons againe cries downe with Suffolke, downe  
with Suffolke. And enter from them the Earle of Sal-  
isbury.*

*Salsb.* My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me  
That vnlesse false Suffolk here be done to death,  
Or banished faire Englands territories,  
That they will erre from your highnesse person,  
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died,  
They say, by him they feare the ruine of the Realme:  
And therefore, if you loue your subiects weale,  
They wish you to banish him from forth the land.

*Suff.* Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolisht him  
Would send such message to their soueraigne,  
But you my lord were glad to be imployd.  
To trie how quaint an Orator you were,  
But all the honor Salisbury hath got,  
Is, that he was the Lord Embassadour,  
Sent from a sort of tinkars to the King.

*The Commons cries, an answer from the King,  
my Lord of Salisbury.*

*King* Good Salisbury go backe againe to them,  
Tell them we thanke them for all their louing care,  
And had not I beene cited thus by their meanes,  
My selfe had done it: therefore here I sweare,  
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,  
Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

*exit Salisbury.*

*Queene.* Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle Suffolke  
banishment.

*King* Vngentle Queene, to cal him gentle Suffolke,  
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,  
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare it is irreuocable:  
Come Warwicke, and go thou in with me,  
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

*exit King and Warwicke, manet Queene and Suffolke*

*Qu*